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Adventures



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Chapter 1 by Aundra Tomlins

When I woke up, it was a bright sunny day. I pull the covers over my head, not ready to start the day or see the world.

Chapter 2 by Gounaitory



But I cant lie in the bed for long, I have to go...

I see my already packed backpack on to chair. "Time to go" I whisper and stand.

Soon I became ready and go to downstairs with my backpack. Everyone in the house are sitting and having breakfast. I am very excited for this day, but seems like no one else cares about it-- I see careless expressions on their faces. "Sure they will have, they used living in New York City but it's my first day day here and we are going to see Manhattan" I thought

Chapter 3 by Ian



As I stepped out into the cold Autumn air, I reflected on the last 48 hours, trying to piece things together.

I remember sitting in that bar in Bogota sipping too many icy Aguilas under that hard-pressed ceiling fan. I remember posing in my Persols and watching the local girls sashay by, unimpressed.

I remember getting back to my freezing cold corporate hotel room feeling a little drunk, a little jet lagged, a little miserable. Tomorrow was the big meeting and I had just 5 hours to squeeze in some sleep and to get on top of my game in time for the 7:30am pickup.

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I grabbed my phone and called the number.

"Corporate Emergency Line. What's the problem?"

I explained the situation.

"Right. Here's what is going to happen: You are going to lock the bedroom door - I'll hold while you do it. Now you are not going to talk to anyone. Anyone at all. Not the hotel staff, not the police, not your mum. In 6 minutes' time, we will knock on your door. Be ready to go. Pick up only your passport and don't touch anything else. We will have a helicopter on the roof. You will not bring anything with you and you will never come back to Colombia"

Chapter 4 by Kilicali Ersoy



The icy voice on the other side of the line was the pick-me-up I apparently needed. Her curt instructions perfectly timed as I fumbled around the room in near panic, trying to accomplish everything she said, like a child trying to satisfy his disappointing mother. I cut my hand while trying to close my suitcase, and it stung like a bastard, but there was nowhere enough time to clean it up and wrap it up with something as the door was sharply knocked. Startled, I sprang to my feet, my suitcase half-closed.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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